Views '86

a literary/feature magazine of

BCC - Central

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Views '86

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Word Sketch of the Poet
Observing the Poet:
Asleep

I lie with arms
sharply curved at Elbow's Bend
on hands folded as solemn
as a nun's in prayer.

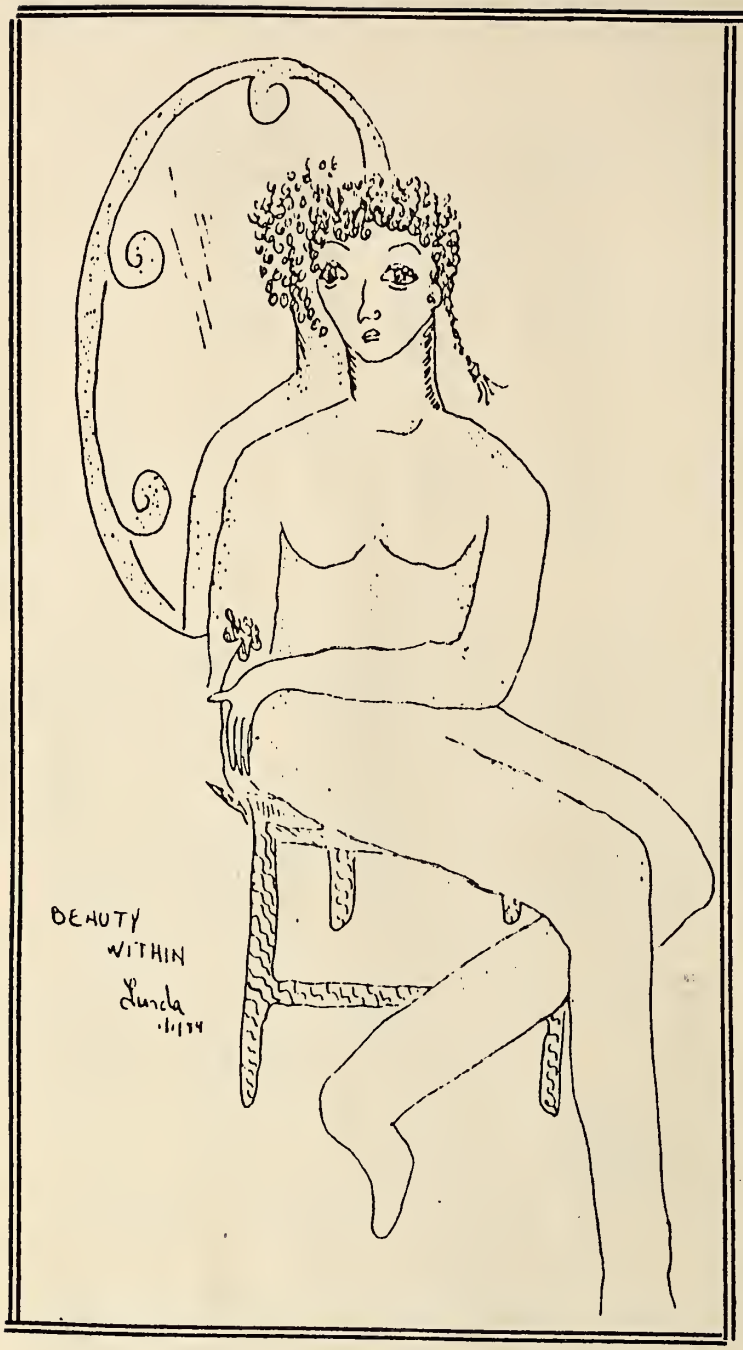
My lids lower and succumb
to the rhythm of my breathing
as drifting folds rise and fall
over cotton hills and valleys.

Tread lightly about the hours
of subconscious inspiration
just beyond the waking
perhaps a poem lies waiting.

In this mid-day slumber
I gather long legs close
assuming the posture
reminiscent of the womb.

Karen St. John-Vincent

photo by Mike Orzack



The Jewelry Box

I am a jewelry box which holds and stores its treasures.
I am a musical jewelry box whose wind up mechanism broke a long time ago.
I still have the music within me, though somehow I am unable to sing.
It's so odd how much I loved to ring that when an attempt to wind me up is made---I don't sing.
I am a box who continually gathers dust on the outside, no matter how much I am dusted.
I am a box full of precious treasures that I've locked away, afraid of anyone to see.
I am the box, the music box, the treasure box...who threw away the key?

Deborah Lynn Becker

WATERCOLOR CANVAS

Waiting for the light to change,
I saw it through rain-splattered windows. The colors
Were of a French-like sound;
Mauve, and
Taupe,
Splashed through with primaries of
Crimson, and
Buttery yellow.
It looked as though it were the entrance to
An ocean cave;
Dry sand packed hard from tides and rains,
An arch of coral rock through which the
Sun shone and
Ocean ebbed.
Colors of conch shells and sargassum seeds
Played a dancing game over the canvas.
The raucous call of the horn behind me
Tore through the watercolor dream,
And I drove on.

Marie Blumberg

photo by Mungree Samal

INTERVIEW
JANET TAYLOR:
Presidential Secretary/Pioneering Spirit

by Gary Bodner

Edmund Burk's theory that the only thing constant is change is a sound one. One such individual who has witnessed considerable change is Mrs. Janet Taylor, the Executive Secretary to the President of Broward Community College, Mrs. Taylor has held this position since BCC was first conceived back in May 1960. In fact, she was BCC's very first employee.

During Mrs. Taylor's twenty-five years at BCC, she has witnessed the rapid growth of the college. It can be very difficult, if not entirely impossible for today's BCC student to imagine the school looking any differently. When Mrs. Taylor arrived at BCC in May, 1960, the school was located in back of the Fort Lauderdale Airport where the old Fort Lauderdale Naval Air Station is. She recalls BCC's first buildings were much like barracks (yes, barracks!) and were unattractive, crude, and dull.

Mrs. Taylor's very first office adjoined the boys' locker room. "During the summer," she says, "we wouldn't just persire, we would sweat!" Air conditioning at the time was not taken for granted. In addition, mosquitoes and sand crabs (yes, sand crabs!) further added to the plight of the faculty and students by frequenting the campus. It was all pure torture. Today, the three campuses are frequented not by mosquitoes or sand crabs, but by the security personnel who add to the plight of students who are frequently caught parking in unauthorized "grassy" areas!

In 1963, from the sight behind the Fort Lauderdale Airport, Mrs. Taylor relocated to the area of "cow pasture". Despite the meager facilities, Broward Countians were both happy and proud of their new college. Dr. Rushing, BCC's first president, spoke at various social functions and in front of entertainment committees, and Mrs. Taylor fondly remembers that there was a great deal of socializing among the twenty original staff members in 1963. Today, more than twenty years later, there are over 900 faculty and staff members employed by the college.

One characteristic of the "Other BCC" that Mrs. Taylor vividly remembers is the rigid dress code at BCC in the early sixties stipulating that no student could wear revealing garments. One may wonder what the word "revealing" meant. (Just look very carefully at some BCC students -- or better yet, some high school students in school on a hot muggy day in the 1980's.) The men had to wear dress clothes which included slacks, dress shirts, and sometimes ties. They were prohibited from wearing short-shorts or tank tops or any other "revealing apparel" common today. Even socks were required!

The girls did not escape the rigid dress code either. They were forbidden to wear the short-shorts, tanktops, mini-skirts, bathing suits, or the other "revealing Apparel" so common today. According to Mrs. Taylor, the women usually wore very long and attractive dresses, maybe not like the ones one might wear on prom night, but they could not be "revealing" in any manner.

Mrs. Taylor is proud of the programs which BCC offers and the diversity of the student body. She comments that the oldest graduate of BCC is 78 years old, and even displaced homemakers and school returnees routinely come to the college and strive to further their education. BCC even has affiliations in Spain, Malaysia, Cambridge, and China. Thus, BCC students can study overseas and learn a new culture while attempting to earn a degree. Four campuses, 30,000 full and part-time students, and world-wide attention is a far cry from crude wooden barracks behind an airport, but as a pioneer with a positive spirit, Janet Taylor can tell you that she has fond memories every step of the way.

Saturday Night Eulogy to
Dorothy Gillium

wild child
in faded indigo
and Bobby McGee
bandana of red
pedals through sun-stoned
Las Olas streets
spreading a kaleidoscope of
smiles.

burnished butterfly
elusive in Gran Prix jaunt
to beaches carpeted
with Bain de Soleil bodies,
you mingle
a defrocked Mother Teresa
on a mercy mission,
distributing rainbow slices
in a communion
of hearts,
instigating laughter
that falls like a skipping stone
kissing currents.

sometimes
in fleeting, pensive moments
I contemplate
your theatrics;
hazy with mellowed hops and
barley,
a studied Liza
off-Broadway,
gin-mill philosopher,
the evident spark
on this vessel of fools
toasting John Barleycorn
while engagaing in repartee
reminiscent of Minerva.

in a separate space
beyond the revelry
the woman-child waits
vunerable in Sputnik's naked
light
she trembles, stripped
Smaritan
bloodied heart in hand.

Karen St. John-Vincent

"People in the Street"

The Perfect Enemy

by Donna Anderson

Once upon a time, there dwelt in a certain land, a rich man who, through the course of life, had aquired several friends. This man was much given to dreaming, and he learned in visions of the night that his worst enemy would seek to take his life. Not having made any enemies, he wondered who in life could prove to be his worst. Being a learned man, he sought for answers first in literature. Then he roved the pages of history and finally, searched the Bible, book of books, to see what it could offer. And, in fear for his life he departed from his home and went to live in a house in the country, none knowing his wherabouts but his closest friend. One evening, when the light of day had faded, and the blanket of the night had wrapped the world in its soft folds, he crept beneath his sheets, thoughts whirling as he watched the dancing flames throw shadows on the wall. That night, the man had a dream:

Within a dimly-lit chamber, lay Thyestes, Greek King, with the wife of his brother Atreus, both drenched in the sweat of their passion...Thyestes, seducing his own brother's wife! As the dreamer recoiled, the scene shifted, and there stood Shakesperian thane, Macbeth, welcoming his king into his palace. Yet, that very night, he executed his murderous plot against his cousin and friend, King Duncan. The dreamer's mind was troubled. Then, there flashed before him the figure of Julius Ceasar, Roman leader, struck a mortal blow by his closet friend, Brutus. As the waves of death washed over him, Ceasar whispered,"Et tu, Brut?", "Even you Brutus?" His best friend had caused his death! The scene shifted again and there was Queen Clytemnestra of the Greek play "Agamemnon," plotting with her lover, the death of her husband. Then, with outstretched arms, she welcomes Agamemnon home from war, leads him lovingly to the bath, where, as he thankfully reclines, she stabs her own husband to death! How could those so close to them hurt those characters thus...? The dreamer wondered.

Next, in his dream, he walked the roads of history; And he found himself in Sherwood forest where Robin Hood, English hero, lay dying; His life blood drained by Lady Marion, the woman he loved, his dearest friend! Then the scene shifted and it was 492 B.C. The Greek army battled against the Persians at Thermopylae. Just when it seemed that victory woull be theirs, a greek-turned-traitor led the Persian army through a secret pass in the mountains. The Greek army defended, but died. As the scene changed, the Athenian leader, Alcibiades, defected to Sparta, a rival city-state, where he fought against his fellowmen. The dreamer's mind was boggled. Could it be that he who once was part of one, proved most deadly an enemy?

The ever-changing scene shifted, and the dreamer saw episodes from the Bible. There swimming in his own blood, lay Abel, second son of Adam, slain by his own brother. And then, there was Samson, strongest man, in bible tradition, deceived, to death, by the woman he trusted and loved. The whisper fell from his lips, "Why Delilah?" Beads of sweat broke out on the dreamer's face as he saw the most poignant scene of all: Jesus Christ, christianity's founder, betrayed by his disciple of three years; Betrayed by a kiss. Sold for a measly thirty talents of silver; Sold by a friend. Then, one of Jesus' closest friends, Peter, who had laughed and cried, suffered and rejoiced with Him throughout his ministry, denied ever having known Him!

The dreamer's breathing was shallow. His staccato heartbeats punctured the taut stillness of the night. A feeling of foreboding washed over him. Surely no one close to him would try to take his life, or intentionally hurt him!

Then at last, amid the questions
In his subconscious deep
Crept long-awaited,but, so welcome, fitful sleep
And in the darkness of the night
A shadowy figure crept
And to his unprotected heart
A cruel stab was dealt.
His questions were answered
but in death he could not hear, could not see beside his bed
His best friend standing there...

Here's the moral of the story
Sad, but still, is ever true:
He makes the perfect enemy,
who once walked next to you.

HOW OLD IS OLD?

by Cherise Wyneken

I'm glad Jack insisted on getting me a First Class ticket, thought Corrie as she walked through the closed ramp into the plane that would be headed for Miami. It's been a full and heavy two weeks-physically and emotionally. I'm exhausted. I'm sure to have a seat to myself where I can rest.

"6-A," said the hostess looking at her Boarding Pass. "Window seat, last row on the right."

"Thank you," Corrie replied.

Then nearing the row she groaned inside, Oh, no. I have a partner. Let's hope he doesn't want to talk.

"Excuse me," she said, addressing the smart young man sprawled in the aisle seat with his eyes closed.

Thank God, thought Corrie. He's too young to be interested in talking to a woman my age.

She settled her belongings under the seat and fastened her seat belt.

I never paid much attention when I was with Jack, she thought, but this extra width in First Class is nice when you are sitting next to a stranger.

She opened the paper back book she had picked up after Nan had left her at the airport on the way to work.

God. Why'd Jack have to go and move to Florida, she thought for the hundreth time. You're lucky if you make *one* good friend in a lifetime and here I am flying off hundreds of miles again. Not to mention the kids and Mama. Oh, well. What's the good of griping. Read your book and relax.

"Would you like a glass of Champagne?" asked the stewardess.

It's only eight o'clock in the morning, thought Corrie but what the heck. That's what's nice about First Class. You can get relaxed *before* you take off.

"Sounds good," she answered.

"How about you, Sir?" she asked the young man.

"Yes, please," he replied opening his eyes and sitting up. "I really shoudn't," he said as he reached for the glass and gave Corrie a knowing wink. "I still haven't recovered from last night."

"My name is Paul," he added offering her his hand to shake. "Paul McElrath."

He look like a McElrath all right, she thought, with that red hair and mustache. And that cocoa beige suit blends well with his coloring. Not bad for a young man.

"Hello," she answered vaguely. He wants a "friend" she thought. Just my luck.

He smiled and lifted his glass.

"Cheers," he said taking a sip and then continued. "I hope you will excuse me but I've got to catch on my sleep. I had a rough three days in San Francisco." "Had a good time did you?" Corrie asked feeling she should say something. "Well that's fine with me.I'm ready to . . . . ."

"You see we had this big executive meeting with the company I work for," he interrupted, "and afterwards some of us Junior partners, did up the town."

"Have you ever been to "The Owl and The Turtle?" he continued.

"I d-------"

"Well, let me tell you. It's the greatest! God, we had a good time. And the *food*! Something else. Something else! Not like that fodder they'll give us here."

"More Champagne?" asked the hostess.

"Why not?" answered Corrie and Paul held out his glass too.

"Good-morning Ladies and Gentlemen," came a voice over the loudspeaker. "This is Captain Lawrence speaking. I will be in charge of your flight today. Welcome aboard Eastern's Flight 52, nonstop from San Francisco to Miami. We will be cruising today at an altitude of 31,000 feet and our course will take us over the Painted Desert in Arizona, on across the Mississippi Delta in New Orleans, down to Sarasota, over the Everglades and into Miami. We are second in line for take off. Enjoy your flight."

"You on your way home?" the young man asked.

"Yes,"replied Corrie. "I came out here for a couple of weeks to help our daughter who just had her first baby."

"Oh. So you're a grandmother," he asked looking down at her firm, protruding breasts. "Well, congratulations. Is it your first?"

"Actually it's my third. But my first granddaughter. We have two grandsons," she replied. Corrie always warmed to talk about the grandchildren.

"No kidding," he said taking a sip of Champagne.

He looked down again at her bosom the way Jack sometimes looked when he asked, "Are you wearing a bra?"

She straightened the lace collar on her chic Granny dress and brushed her hand through her greying hair.

Ding, ding went the signal bell.

"All service personnel prepare for take off. Please observe the non-smoking signs."

The motor revved up and vibrated till it rattled the juice cans in the galley. Then down the runway they sped.

Corrie uncrossed her legs and put both feet flat on the floor.

If it's my time to go, let me go in peace, she prayed her silent prayer. She really didn't like flying. But once again they were air-borne, the no-smoking signs went off, and the motors settled into a steady hum. She opened her book.

"So, how do you like being a grandparent?" resumed the young man.

She put her finger on the page and looked up.

What a pest she thought.

But then trying to be polite, replied, "It's strange. When the first one was on his way, I wasn't so sure I'd like it. But the night Nick called to say he was born it was like an enchantment. Another little being–born into the world--and somehow a part of me. It was magic. Pure magic. I recommend it," answered Corrie holding up her glass to the hostess' offer.

Like two race horses doing their laps, they were off and running. One thing led to the next about their lives: where they lived, what they did, where they'd traveled. Before they knew it the stewardess was serving breakfast.

"I told you we'd be getting fodder," said Paul after tasting a bite. But soon he had it finished off.

"Was everything all right, Sir?" asked the hostess.

"Sure. Sure. It was fine," he lied. "These hostesses are a little leary of me," he explained as soon as she had removed the trays. "I fly this route quite often. They screwed themselves up so much one time I got a refund on my ticket."

"How was that?" asked Corrie.

"We were going the opposite way, Miami to San Francisco, so it was a dinner flight. The First Class section was full of airline personnel, traveling free. They were offering filet mignon or crab morney on the menu. By the time they got to me, all the steaks were gone. I figured, being one of the few paying costumers, I should have had what I wanted, so I put up a fuss and they bought it."

He's quite impressed, thought Corrie.

She managed a short nap after that till the hostess came back with the Champagne.

"Might as well finish this bottle," she offered.

The more they drank the more they talked. The grey haired gentleman in the center row ahead, looked back at them a couple of times.

Are we talking too loud? wondered Corrie once.

When Paul got up to go to the lavatory, she picked up her book again.

Am I being a pest now? she wondered.

But when he returned he picked right up on their travel talk. "So how did you like Africa?" he asked.

"It was my favorite trip of all," she replied with glowing eyes. "The creatures, roaming about in their own habitat, are unbelievably beautiful."

"Which part of Africa did you visit?"

"Kenya. We hired a driver and his zebra-striped VW bus and toured Kenya's Game Reserves. The famous Tree Tops was the least exciting."

"Why was that?" he asked.

"Can you imagine an inn, full of tourists sitting around on a veranda, sipping scotch and being *quiet*?"

"People are funny," he agreed.

"They paid big money to fly there and talk about their kids to strangers," she continued. "It wasn't till the middle of the night that it got quiet enough for a rhino to approach the water hole for a drink. The steward woke us up to get a look but it was soon gone."

"Excuse me," said the hostess. "We have these left and think you should have them," she added as she handed them each a bottle of Champagne. "Please fasten your seat belts. We'll be landing soon."

"Already?" said Corrie looking out the window.

She rummaged around on the floor to find her book. Then opening her purse she dug out her cosmetic bag and doctored up her hair and make-up.

She looked up to find Paul, staring frankly.

"I come in and out of here quite often on my business trips," he said. "I wouldn't mind having some company sometimes. Shall I give you my card? We could keep it discrete."

Corrie starred back in surprise.

Is this what you call a proposition? she wondered as a wave of warmth wormed its way through her body. Hot flashes and propositions. What a combination, she laughed to herself.

"I'm sure that could be fun," she answered, "but no thank you."

The plane bumped as the wheels touched down. The metallic click of seat belts being unfastened ricochetted

across the aisles. They gathered their belongings in an awkward silence then started down the aisle and out.

"Thanks for a good time," said Paul saluting her with his bottle.

"Five and a half hours never went so fast," she replied smiling warmly.

She turned and looked into a group of people waitng and there was Jack--looking virile and exciting, for all his grey hair and fifty-some years.

God! she thought as he hugged her close. How could any woman take on more than **this?**

David Mellard

MADD/SADD:
Fighting Back in Broward

by Karen St. John-Vincent

"Thank God it's Friday." The expression is uttered over many a toasted glass in countless establishments throughout the county as the work week comes to an exhausted finish. And the celebration begins with a "Happy Hour" that winds into a good time at the drunk driving emporium. Gradually, the crowd disperses each to his or her respective vehicle and then out onto the road ways that you and I drive. What started out as a good time turns into tragedy as the drinker settles in behind the wheel. It happens quickly and when least expected. A sudden swerve. A squeal of tires. A crash. The screams. The blood. The sirens. The silence . . . A sad scenario too often realized. On the average, there is one drunk driver for every 50 on the road. On week-ends that figure soars to 10 out of 50. Drunk drivers kill about 70 people a day or one person every 20 minutes. That person could be a neighbor, a friend, even a family member. Fortunately, two organizations exist which are doing something to combat drinking and driving. The groups are MADD (Mothers Against Drunk Drivers) and SADD (Students Against Drunk Drivers). Their efforts are making a difference nationwide.

MADD was first instituted back in May 1980 after the tragic death of Cari Lightner. The drunk driver who hit Cari was a repeat offender and this tragedy was the stimulus for MADD's founder, Candy Lightner. By August of 1980, demonstrations were taking place to demand the tempering of drunk driving laws in the state of California. In 1981, Ms. Lightner addressed a press conference in Washington, D.C. calling for Congressional action on impaired driving issues. In June 1982, the first regional training conference was held. A year later in March, actress Mariette Hartley addressed members of MADD at the premier of her film, "Mothers Against Drunk Drivers: The Candy Lightner Story." On June 13, 1984, a "Save the Students" press conference focused attention on the plight of teenaged impaired driving. On December 10, 1984, the first candlelight vigil was held at the Lincoln Memorial.

MADD continues to expand and touch the lives of more people across the nation. The functions of MADD first and foresmost focus on helping friends and relatives suffering due to the loss of a loved one killed in an accident caused by a drunk driver. From there, they are actively involved in helping to get legislation to toughen drinking and driving laws on all roads throughout the country. There is no requirement for membership in MADD - only a desire to get the drunk off the highway and save a life.

On November 27, 1985, beside the fountain in front of Fort Lauderdale City Hall, a group of young people gathered. They wore black ribbons over their hearts and solemnity masked their faces. They listened as leaders of the community delivered words of praise and support for these young people towards stamping out an ever-growing problem. Candles were lit and the names of 104 victims of drunk-driving accidents were read aloud. Two students saluted their memory with a two-horn rendition of "Taps."

This moving candlelight vigil was sponsored by FLIP (Fort Lauderdale Informed Parents) and SADD. The ceremony was part of the program available to young people throughout Broward to combat the problems resulting from teenagers drinking and driving.

In September 1981, a year after Ms. Lightner had instituted MADD, Mr. Anastas, who was the Director of Health Education at Wayland High School in Wayland, Mass., developed a program that became the seed of SADD. Beginning as a series of 15 programs in health education, speakers were brought in to give students a greater awareness of the responsibilities involved in operating a motor vehicle. Lawyers discussed legalities; police officers spoke on difficulties concerning law enforcement; members of MADD and accident victims were brought in to tell their stories.

The student response was positive. Their awareness increased and the life threatening possibilities involved with alcohol and getting behind the wheel of a car were brought into clear focus. The students at Wayland High felt a challenge and the need to do something constructive. Anastas assisted in organizing the first chapter of SADD headed by one of the original sophomore students in his class. They chose their name and, using the school colors of black and orange, designed a button. Most importantly, they took a pledge not to let a friend drink and drive.

SADD now reaches students in the thousands in high schools across the country and Canada. There are chapters in all Broward public high schools and many private schools. Steps are being taken to expand into, the middle schools.

SADD has received support from several local celebrities. Olivia Browan of "Miami Vice" is a spokeswoman and avid suppoter of SADD. Last October,

Looking Through the Glass

Yesterday I stood and stared
at the
empty lot,
That was City Hall, and see
those wide marble steps,

I walk along Main Street,
and look for the rows of
picture shows, and stop

Where saddle shoe
sweethearts
sat, sipped sodas,
Wore Ballerina slippers, Poo-
dle skirts,
Sweaters with Letters,
Crew-cuts and Duck-tails,

I look for those faces in
broken bits
of glass between the boards,
Of yesterday's Malt Shoppe,

Where are those young faces?
The only face I see is old,
I keep on looking,
For I forgot to say goodbye.

Francis Tela

drawing by Charles Morreale

Edward James Olmos, also a star on "Vice", addressed students at the third annual SADD conference held on BCC- Central campus. His message was one of responsibility. He stressed self-responsibility, especially when one's actions could affect the life of another. Jack L. McCann, manager of Traffic Safety and presenter of the Scared Sober program in Broward County is extremely active in the SADD program. He was the master of ceremonies at the candlelight vigil. He has been instrumental in creating a computerized file listing over 600 SADD parent/student contracts. The contracts are designed to be used as a tool to protect teens from being a passenger in the car of a drunk driver or driving while under the influence themselves. The parent merely agrees to provide necessary transportation, no questions asked at the time.

The bottom line is that it's working. The combined efforts of the dedicated members across Broward County and throughout the country are beginning to affect a change in the statistics. Just in our area alone, alcohol related deaths in teens are down 24 percent since 1984 according to the Florida Highway Patrol. As of February 1, 1986, open containers became prohibited by law on the streets of Broward County. This positive legislation was proposed by Commissioner Nicki Grossman and heartily supported by both SADD and MADD.

The message is clear. One SADD member summed it up quite simply, "You drink; you drive; you die."

Frustrated Inheritance

These barren sticks,
partly covered from sunlight-
  Shadows always cover half of me
  Can't I get free?

The big city life is the place to be,
traveling about unseen,
able to do as I please.
It has nothing to do with this Cape Cod beach
  nor does my past-
  which I must also make obsolete.

Outdoor life resumes
boots tread heavily upon
the damp underground
and march past branches
newly fallen
just as the melancholy choices
I must make,
  Thwarted and hunched
  Then careful turns the wind.

Marie Vickers

My Omitted Verse

Is there nothing to spare me

this middle step

of standing outside the

window of your soul

back to back

not so whole

not so meticulous

just breath upon the pane...

Marie Vickers

illustration by Linda

Sadie's Seat

by Debra Willoughby

The roar of the city bus was a familiar sound to Sadie Rhodes. She had traveled Route 17 for many years. She tucked her grey curly hair under her blue knitted hat. Her numb hands were covered with poorly knitted green gloves. She marched in place to keep warm, leaving size 8 imprints in the snow. The whistle of wind was heard, then felt as it crept under her coat.

As the bus came to a halt, the automatic doors opened. People stood single file to enter the bus. Sadie gripped the metal handle as she placed her right foot on the bottom step. Pulling herself onto the bus, she thought how good the winter air felt. Her thoughts wandered to the visit to her doctor last week. "You're fit as a fiddle. What's it like to be 77, and have the health of a 60 year old?" he asked. Sadie looked younger then her age, with few lines or wrinkles. Her sturdy 5'2",120 pound frame carried a power of energy.

Sadie greeted the bus driver, "Hello, Zack, awful cold today!"

"Hurry up Sadie. you'll let all the heat out!" he cheerfully complained.

Making her way toward the back of the bus, she stood next to her favorite seat. It was occupied by a heavy set woman in her 70's. Sadie's piercing black eyes glared at the woman. The woman noticed Sadie's stare, but deliberately looked away. Suddenly, Sadie lost her balance. A tall thin man in a brown coat stood next to her. As she fell toward him, he caught her. "Are you okay?" he asked.

"Yes, I think so, just very tired," Sadie said, loud enough for the heavy set woman to hear. But the woman continued to stare out the window.

The doors closed and the automatic coin receiver jingled. People filled every seat in the bus, with some of them standing in the aisle. Sadie slowly pushed through the crowd, jabbing ribs of people when necessary. "Let an old woman through," she growled under her breath.

She thought of her plans for the day. Shopping, lunch with the girls, and volunteer work were on the agenda, not to mention dinner and ballroom dancing with Mr. Henley. Sadie was spending more time with Mr. Henley, and she felt that he "fancied" her. Better save my energy and feet for tonight, she thought.

Sadie's chin dropped and she pulled her coat collar up over her face. She held her breath. Suddenly lifting up her head, she began to gasp. "What's wrong?" asked the tall thin man.

"Can't get my breath. If I could just...sit for a minute!" she gasped.

The heavy set woman jumped up quickly. "Put her here in my seat," she offered. The man helped Sadie to sit down. Several minutes passed, and Sadie's breathing gradually returned to normal. "How do you feel now?" asked the woman.

"Oh, much better," sighed Sadie, with a sad little smile, and nestled comfortably into her seat.

Sadie rose when it was time for her stop. As she passed by the bus driver, his eyes were on her. "That's got to be your best record yet, Sadie, only three mintues to get your seat!"

Sadie stepped lightly down to the ground. She turned, waved a gloved hand, and winked.

photo by Bonnie Shindler

COUNTRY COUSINS

At sunrise they wake us,
Gawking,
Squawking,
Talking to each other on wing,
Gossips at the fence.

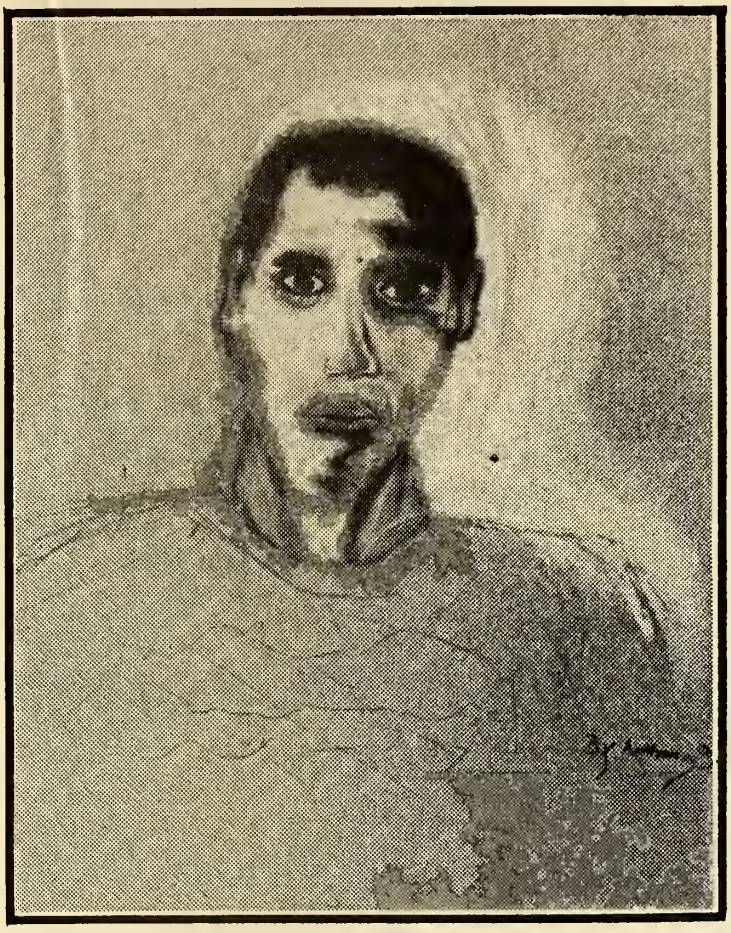
They fly in from the west,
Blurs of tangerine,
And crimson,
Unbelievable blue,
And day-glo green.

Flaunting thier freedom, they chat
With Polly on her perch
Next door,
Sampling seeds from the Phoenix palm,
Near by.

Unchained,
Strutting the edge of the balcony,
Polly gives audience to their Country chatter.
Then with baleful stare and regal bow,
She turns to her golden cage.

They coo and stutter, and
Squawk, and
Fluff up their wings,
Ready to fly on at will,
To return tomorrow
With the news of the day.

Marie Blumberg



drawing by Anthony Scott

A LIE

Whether hidden or misgiven,
It is always abound.
What may be forgiven
Should never be found.

Continue on without woe
Disguise it in a mask.
As if no one will know-
Of this unforsaken task.

In ending it appears
Dark, shadowed.
The head itself rears
As if it were hallowed.
And strikes its final blow-
By the way, no one will know.

David Roberts

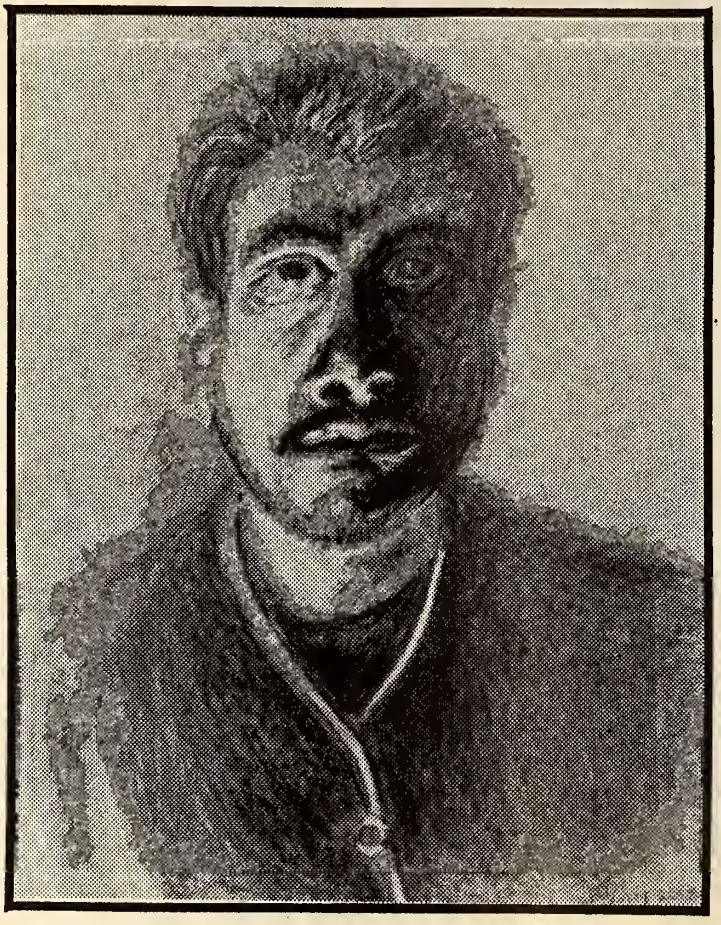
DUVALIER HAS FLED HAITI, WHITE HOUSE REPORTS

You don't talk about it much
as though you never think
about it anymore. Memories
you've spent years forgetting,
nights you've laid awake
in terror, seeing the Tonton
Macoutes
pluck your father from his
evening meal.
Over and over again.
He'd been shot sometime
later.

It all comes rushing back,
doesn't it? Like silent film
clips
shown on old walls.
Women squatting in the Iron
Market
selling bread, fried fish, plan-
tains;
others on their way in tap-taps
through lush mountain roads;
hopeful men gathering in
groups
in front of La Caridad;
they are the homeland
screaming for your return.

But we won't talk about it
yet. Instead we'll lie here
in this lovely room where
candlelight
dances on pale walls of gray.
There are no sounds,
no sounds at all,
just the silence of the
candlelight
as it flickers on our faces;
yours, looking forward not
back,
and mine, so frightened you'll
return
now that you can.

Virginia Wells

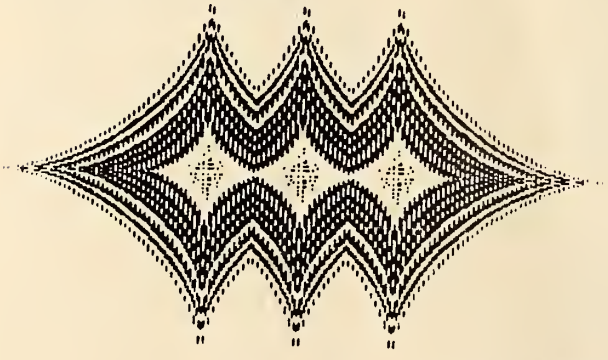


drawing by Ralph Viray

STARGAZER

I love the stars, and the
moon, and the darkness. I
love the cold, not
only of the night and
of the stars, but also
of the spirit. I
am entropy incarnate;
I live only for
the night. I am
tired, and old, and
weak, and Oh, how
I wish to be young, and
strong, and full of
the joy of life again. How
I yearn to have
again the youth that
was never truly
mine.

David Runyan



computer images by Kenneth Au

THE NEW GENERATION AND THE QUEST FOR ACCEPTANCE

by Asad Bhatty

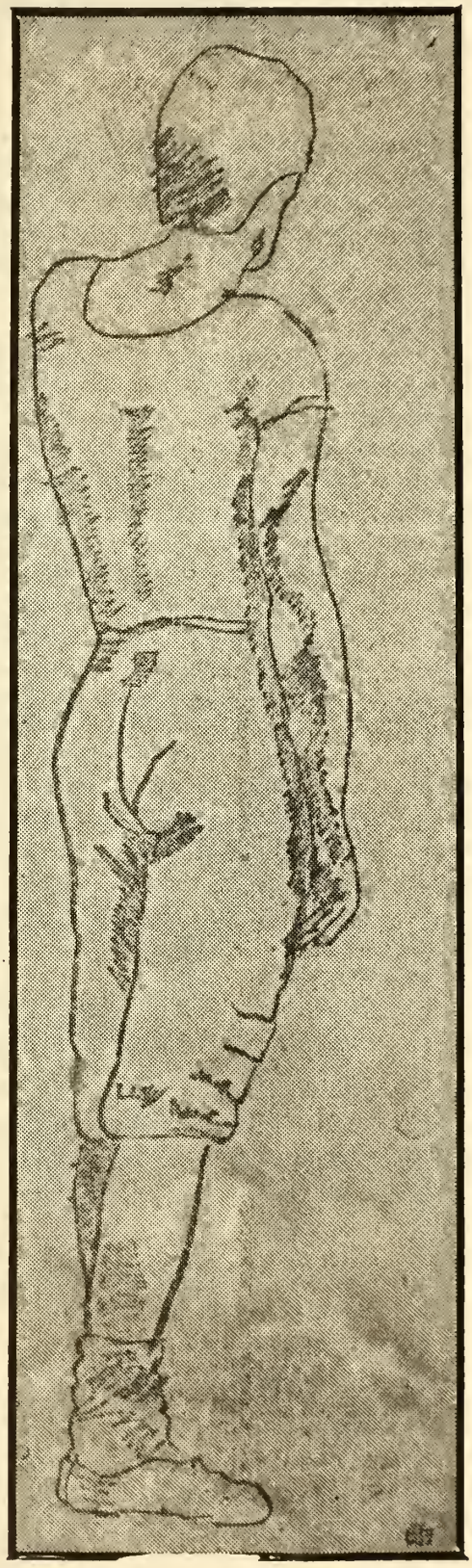
To get along with others and to prove one's worth always requires that most coveted of qualities - the ability to make an impression. The concept of what makes an impression on others has changed considerably over the ages. There were times when simple confidence and intelligence made a person attractive and noticeable. There are times when all the charm and wit in the world fail to stir others and succumb helplessly to that most overwhelming of maladies - the "status" syndrome.

Social values in today's world have catapulted uncontrollably into the realm of material obsession. No longer is one satisfied and contented merely with the bare necessities. The "grass on the other side" is showing greener shades than ever, and being mere mortals, our ability to edge away from the increasingly tempting sights in the developing commercial market is slowly and steadily weakening.

We are actually judged now more on the basis of our possessions than our own qualities. As an example, there is no basic functional difference between a Mercedes and a Chevy -- both have comfortable seating, smooth transmission and road handling -- but just drive the one with the three-pointed star on the bonnet and observe the looks on people's faces! Does this actually mean that people are impressed by the three-pointed star more than by the intersecting parallelograms representing Chevy of General Motors? Yes. These cars, each of which represents smoothness and efficiency, ironically represent the opposite ends of the car market. Also, ask the nearest person what phrases automatically spring to mind when asked his or her concept of wealth. Today, the word "wealth" induces visions of a house in Beverly Hills, clothes from the latest Pierre Cardin or Yves Saint-Laurent collection, a summer villa in the Bahamas and vintage champagne with red caviar.

The sources from which most ideals and ambitions are obtained and derived most invariably include the three basic media: newspapers/magazines, radio and television. The media constantly print and broadcast dazzling portrayals of the celebrities of business, showbiz and politics. This frequent exposure to the seemingly unmatched splendor of the rich and famous naturally stimulates all kinds of desires and ambitions. For this reason, the objective of commercial marketing enterprises to satisfy such consumer demands has evolved into its present overwhelming form.

The new generation revels in the modern competition for social esteem and material wealth. People whose wardrobes and belongings do not reach a certain well-noticed and accepted level are scorned by the relatively well-to-do, while those who cross it are eagerly sought and befriended. Paradoxically, the most damaging after-effect of this mad scramble for wealth and popularity is that one achieves nothing, loses his or her initial sense of security, damages his or her contentment with life and wounds the old ego.



Eve Gordon

MORE THAN A GENERATION GAP

by Newton Berwig

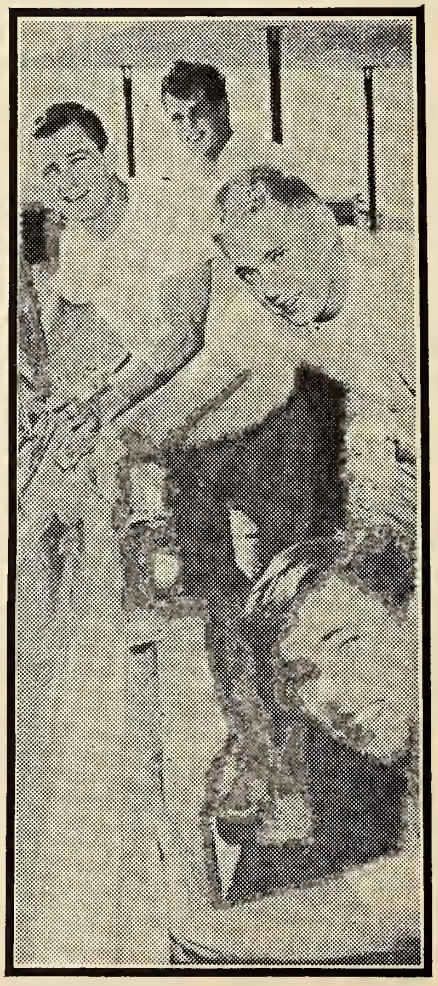
An effective way to examine attitude changes among young adults is by comparing the problems of high school students during the forties and the eighties. Although some of the problems are similar, the high school problems of the eighties present drastic differences both in severity and complexity when compared to those of the 1940's.

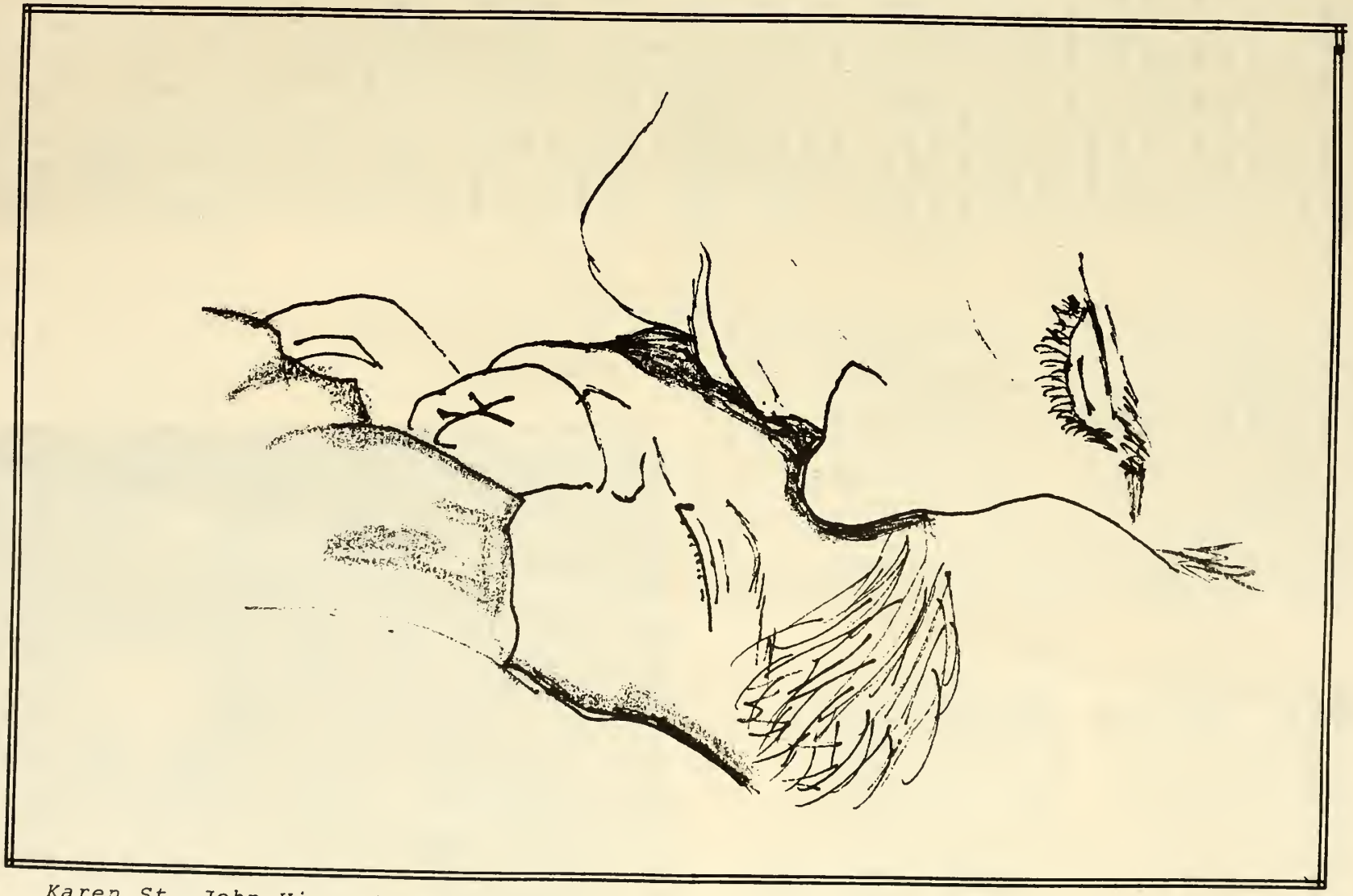
During the forties, any disregard for school regulations was considered a serious offense. Running in the halls, chewing gum in class, and loitering after school hours were actions which sent many students to the principal's office. These actions today would not even raise an eyebrow of the most conservative faculty member. Talking during class and during study hall was another of the most serious problems encountered in high schools forty years ago. Teachers did not view sympathetically those students who could not keep their mouths closed during class. Today, not only is it common for students to talk during class, but pupils display a complete lack of respect toward their teachers. Verbal abuse and sometimes even physical abuse towards faculty members are common occurrences in high schools today. High school teachers of the 1940's would be astounded to have a student that had been ordered to be quiet turn around and scream a four letter word back. Yet most high school teachers today must find ways to cope with students whose actions and behavior have become increasingly hostile.

Breaking windows and scribbling graffiti on the walls was the worst type of vandalism that occured during the 1940's. Although students still engage in similar actions today, our contemporary vandals display a much higher degree of savagery and destruction. Not content in destroying property by breaking or smashing it, many students nowadays commit various acts of arson. However, the biggest difference between high school students now and forty years ago lies in how violent they have become. Gang warfare, shootings and stabbings are occurences which have become uncomfortably common in high schools today.

Alcoholism and drug abuse, problems that were almost non-existent forty years ago, have become America's most serious problem in high schools today. Although recent statistics have shown that the use of marijuana in high schools has declined over the last few years, the use of cocaine has increased. Although the short-term effects of drug and alcohol abuse are alarming, there is irreversible physiological and psychological damage which will only be apparent many years from now.

Comparing the problems of today's high school students with those of students forty years ago is a discouraging task. Granted that all generations possess their share of problems, but it is difficult to ignore the severity and graveness of the problems encountered today in America's high schools. There are many who speculate that the problems faced by our teenagers are caused by rock music, television, and other media. However, when the problems of high schools are closely examined, there seems to be an alarming coincidence; the problems encountered in high schools are exactly the same ones that plague our contemporary adult society. It seems that although the United States and the rest of the world have made huge technological gains over the last fifty years, very little time has been devoted to moral and spiritual issues. By examining the differences in the problems of high school students, it is disheartening to see how quickly our society has deteriorated. Although a little more than forty years have passed, the difference between the 1940's and the 1980's clearly shows that there is more than a generation gap separating them.





Karen St. John-Vincent

THE PEAR TREE
by Mary Blumberg

Driving home after midnight, she strained to see the center line of the old highway. Fog blocked the way, thickly opaque in the low spots.

"Tonight, this is it. I'm going to convince him." Surprising herself by speaking aloud, she slowed to make a turn and watch for the rutted clay road, the last bit of an hour's drive from Oke City.

For months she had skirted and toyed with the reality. Even though he was slowly recovering from the stroke, the weakness, she knew they would have to leave. Her job on the evening shift was good and paid well, but driving all the way home to the farm was getting rough, another winter...well, she'd just have to convince him.

It wasn't really a farm; no rolling fields of corn or wheat, no twisting branches on rows of fruit trees, not even the proud lines of beans, lettuce, squash and other truck they had had for the past ten years. The "Farm" had shrunk to a single pear tree, a beauty that continued to produce enough fruit for all the family and neighbors, and an elevated garden of salad makings. Still, the memories whispered and beckened them to the back yard on warm summer evenings.

"But it's not a warm summer evening, and another winter of driving this old road..." again aloud as she turned on to the clay, weaving to miss the familiar holes. Not bothering to look around, guided by the bright, halogen yard beacon, she trudged across the rock drive to the front door. Wind whistled around the corner and tugged at the edges of her skirt.

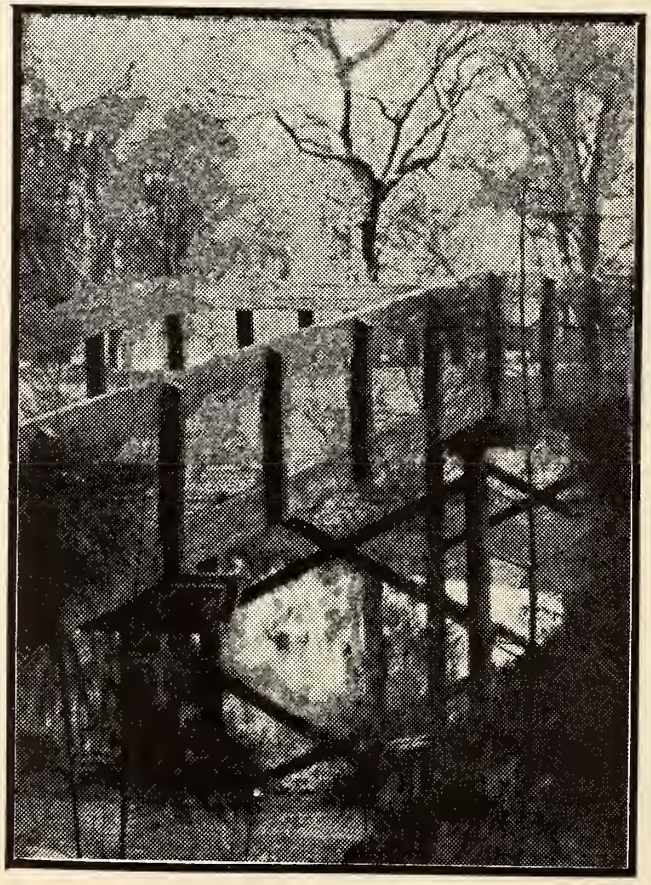


photo by S. S. Smith

"Thank God you're home. I've been watching the news. Some storms down south were s'posed to be movin' up this way." He greeted her with a hug that belied his weakness. "Come on in, I have choc'late ready."

The house was cozy, reflecting the patina of love the old couple had for each other and their belongings collected over nearly a half century of marriage. It wasn't really chilly enough for a fire, but he had set one anyway. The chairs he had pulled up were plumbed with old pillows. His favorite photos were on the mantel; two young people, she, smilingly holding a new rose bush; he, proudly pointing to a freshly planted pear tree.

"Y'know, I went out today and picked all the pears. Didn't want the storm to get 'em. Maybe we can can some, or pickle some." He busied himself with the chocolate. "Martha'll prob'ly want some, too." He spoke quickly and anxiously, glancing at her back as she drew off her sweater.

She hadn't spoken, just smiled as she bussed him on the cheek. She was savoring the glow of the room, the fire, the worn furniture, the photos...the memories.

"Do you remember last year? All those pears! And from just one tree!" He brought the chocolate over to her as she pulled off her shoes and stretched toward the fire. "I think we have even more this year.." He glanced sideways at her again. "I...all those pears...next year..." His voice trailed off as she sipped the chocolate.

Closing her eyes, she knew. The job, the long drive, the winter roads, and...the pear tree. Yes, she knew.

"Y'know, Charlie, I think next year I'll help you pick those pears!"

AEROBICLAND

by Lori Wilson

"Exercise is commitment!" cheers Jane Fonda in her number one best seller, "The Jane Fonda Workout", sold in book and videos everywhere. Aerobic workouts have become a craze in the United States. Aerobic exercise is anything that requires the body to demand more than normal amounts of oxygen for a prolonged period of time. The aerobic class attempts to stretch and tone specific areas of the body at a time (buttocks, abdominals, inner and outer thighs, arms, and so forth). There rarely are many different workouts usually ranging from thirty to ninety minutes; some popular workouts are "Jazzercise," "Powercise" and "20-Minute Workout." The perfect figure is a symbol of security and controll; the appeal of aerobics class stems from the idea that "practice makes perfect".

The business of selling and making aerobic workouts is a multi-million dollar operation. Americans are crazed with the fad; it is the exercise of the sophisticates. Any aerobic product can be marketed - the equipment, clothes, shoes, music and even magazines. Thus, there are the students who jump on the bandwagon and bounce to the music simply because Jane Fonda, Victoria Principal and every other celebrity is doing it.

Aerobics students are reaching for a goal, and their instructor is the idol. She is mean and lean, tough as nails, able to leap tall buildings in a single bounce; she is the Aerobics Queen, a modern day Snow White; an inspiration to the dwarves - Trendy, Hopeless, Faithful, and Piggy.

Once upon a time in Aerobicland, the midnight hour approaches, all is quiet at Harbodies Aerobics and the instructor is hopeful that her midnight class will be cancelled. Suddenly, the door slams open and in walks the guilty, sullen student, Piggy. After each midnight class, "Piggy" complains about her overindulgence at dinner. She is the one who loves food and is powerless over it. In order to keep from showing her obsession, she attends the aerobic class. Piggy wattles into the aerobic class after gorging at the pizza parlor. She is sincere in her efforts to stay thin; because she attends aerobics, she manages to "have the cake and eat it too."

Another student "Trendy", is a member of the female species who ffollows the trend wherever it may lead. Many times, Trendy will never attend an aerobic class, but she likes to dress as though she does. For instance, the Resbock aerobic shoe can be seen on any of the Trendies, including the 300 pounder whose only aerobic exercise is shoveling ice cream into her mouth at 100 mph. Obviously, Trendy buys the shoes for the name because it implies that she is a part of what is popular; thus, if Trendy does make it to class, she'll be sure to tell " no sweat" that she went. Trendy never forgets to buy *Shape* magazines and openly displays it on the table, yet she never opens it. Aerobic commercials, such as the *Crystal Light* ad with Linda Evans singing "I believe in Cyrstal Light, cause I believe in me!" will send Trendy flying out to have T-shirts proclaiming "aerobics is my life!" and plaster her car with similar bumper stickers. This little dwarf proudly wears her designer aerobic suits with matching belt, socks and headband. Trendy follows the popularity Amaricans have for aerobics, and when the popularity dies, Trendy will drop her fad faster than "Piggy" gropes for a McDLT.

Unlike Trendy, who is active in aerobic fashion because of its popularity there is the student who is active in aerobics because she truly loves it. This dwarf's name is "Faithful"; she never misses a day at aerobic class. She's the teacher's pet and knows all the routines by heart. Faithful does the work out at the front of the class. Smiling all the time, Faithful glows inside and out with confidence. She is on a first-name-basis with her instructor. Consequently, Faithful is the aerobic student who gives her classmates a royal pain in the leotard.

Last, but definitely not least, there is the straggling dwarf, "Hopeless". Hopeless is the one who procrastinates; she even delays attending aerobics class because she thinks she is already in shape. Hopeless likes to tell everyone how much she walks while at school and work, excusing herself from aerobics. One of Hopeless' favorite pastimes is watching aerobic workouts on television, yet she never gets up out of her chair. When the glorious day of reckoning comes and Hopeless actually *drives* to an aerobic class, one can understand why her name matches her demeaner. To begin, she will purposely stand far in the back of the class so no one will see her awkard skips, slips, and stumbles. Of course, Hopeless doesn't have a chance, for she stands so far away she can't even see the instructor. But, alas, Hopeless insists on stopping at least eight times for water during all the routine. She excuses herself for not perfoming, indicating "I'm too fat, I need to lose weight first," "This is just not my style," "I'm already in perfect shape," "I don't like the music," "I'm too old," and the favorite cry, "This could kill me!" Chances are, Hopeless will never return to the aerobic class.

Finally, as we near the end of our aerobic advennture, the moral is clear: Different strokes for different folks. (A simple moral for the simple-minded.) Alas, a dwarf can only do what she wants. Hence, Snow White - in shape - ends up with the kiss from a handsome prince from the land of Roebeck, and they all live happily ever after in Aerobicland where "mind over matter" becomes "minds don't matter!"

Home
by Judy Hammond

I met my cousin Joanne for the first time when we were assigned seats next to each other at a freshman history lecture. And since we shared the same last name and certain academic inclinations, such as classical languages and the history of ancient civilizations, this was not the only time we were put into a proximity that had never been allowed in childhood. An old feud over the diposition off a grandfather's will had kept our families apart for years.

She was just beautiful, with the right bones everywhere, pounds of auburn hair, and almost transparent skin that never turned red and blotchy with cold or embarassment the way most peoples', and mine certainly did. The apex of her perfectly molded left cheekbone sported a birthmark, shaped as though a honey bee had welded a delicate waxen template and applied it to her skin with fiery stickum. Rather than detract from her beauty, it accentuated it. If she had been a celebrity, birthmarks would have become as fashionable as blue jeans; highschool nymphets would save up to buy expensive artificial ones at Saks or Lord and Taylor, and youthfully inclined socialites would own several, in assorted shapes, color coded to their ensembles. Blemishes no longer, birthmarks would be more highly prized than a straight back, or entree into the right club.

When Joanne walked, she floated, never stumbling on a crack in the sidewalk or bumping into chairs and to my knowledge, she never even sneezed or coughed in public. It was just not her style.

We became aquaintances, even sort of friends on the basis of that tenuous family tie, and of my admiration. This intellectual who looked like a screen goddess actually treated me like an equal, and in a strange way seemed to benefit from my company. If there were any flaws in that glistening persona, I was too charmed to see them.

She talked of her past summer in Greece. "The counrty, people, everything, it was more than glorious. You must go, and soon. There's never as much time as you think. Then it's gone, and sometimes there's no second chance." I promised I would, but wondered if I meant it.

One afternoon Joanne and I were walking through city streets in late autumn. The air smelled of wood smoke and gray, snowladen sky cloaked the horizon. The tallest trees were dappled with puffy shreds of mist.

She said they had sailed from island to island in the Archipelgo. The sailors cook-

ed octopus for them, and they drank wine that tasted like turpentine. She'd lie on the deck and pretend to be Jason's comrade as he sailed off in search of the Golden Fleece. Midway through the journey, the boat docked at a very small island and baskets of bread, olives, figs, and sausage were carried onto the beach. One of the other passengers, an elementary school teacher from New Jersey, asked the sailor who had helped carry the picnic things, to join the group sprawled out on the sand. The young man looked slightly embarassed, but smiled behind his large black mustache, and sat down next to her. Joanne didn't want to be a tourist then, but a traveller in time as well as place. The sailor was eating with them by now. Oil dripped from his mustache. He seemed to think them fools, but rich fools since they were from America, and so was tolerant.

Joanne paused. "I got up and climbed onto the path that started just above the sand, and then went inland. Half a mile later a mottled shadow interrupted my way, and I turned to see the ruins of a small temple. It was no bigger than a gazebo, the part that was left, and the broken pillars showed a map of hairline cracks as though they had been shaken by Hercules, then gently put back in place. Inside, I occupied the same place, stood on the same stones that had hosted the worshippers of Aphrodite, Hera, and Zeus. I was their client. Here, where gods had lived and battled within the heroic proportions of their world, I found my Greece. I wanted to make a sacrifice, to worship these beings that meant more then Jesus or Jehovah ever could. I wanted to invest that place with something that would keep part of me there forever. A little sophomoric, I know, but I buried a small gold ring in the dirt, next to a piece of broken masonry."

The chill had deepened. Elsewhere, olives and lemon trees were fulfilling their promise. I rubbed my hands together and sneezed. "What a wonderful, romantic story," I said, trying to look and sound understanding--but old gods who dwelled on mountain tops were no more impressive to me than those who emerged from the desert. Still, I didn't want to hurt her feelings, or worse, have her think me dull.

"See you soon," I said. She smiled and waved goodbye.

I saw little more of Joanne that year, but heard with great surprise that she had been involved in a miserable love affair. I did not believe this happened to beautiful elegant people who travelled to Greece and spoke to the gods. But she evidently took it in stride. Meanwhile, I had become engaged to a third year engineering student, and we spent hours trying to figure out how to pay our college fees and the rent on a very small apartment.

The following year, Joanne didn't go back to school. For a while she designed jewelry, exotic shapes that twined, clinging bracelets that slithered up the arm and ended in serpents' heads, copper torques heavy with double-faced medallions of swans and centaurs, or heavy metal belts studded with images of pomegranites. With a partner she opened a shop on a smart street. The business seemed to be going well, but there were problems, and the partner who handled the practical aspects of the enterprise grew tired of the daily grind and left. So Joanne closed down the shop and freelanced, selling her work to department stores and glitzy boutiques. For months, she disappeared from my life. Nothing planned--we were busy. There never is enough time.

Then I saw her again. I was having dinner in my favorite restaurant, a cheap French place that served thick peasant soups, heavy bread with real butter, and a treacherous red vintage in unmarked bottles. She came into the room, bringing with her the smell of snowflakes on fur, and the momentary intrusion of city noises. At first I thought she was alone. But as I raised my hand in greeting, I noticed the man who had come in behind her. He was tall and swarthy and had a large black mustache, and his hands looked as if they could crush bricks.

"How are you?" I said. "Come and sit down."

We exchanged the usual mundane greetings, and Joanne introduced her companion. He had a heavy accent; I had a pretty good idea from where. We had a pleasant meal. Joanne seemed to lend a little of her glamour to anyone with her. After dinner, the three of us shared a taxi; at my apartment, I watched theem drive off. I could see their heads inclined towards each other through the rear window.

Four or five months later, a postcard arrived amidst the usual flurry of junk mail. It showed a bleached-to-the-bone white beach, hemmed in be saphire waves. There was no message, just the name, "Joanne."

Mrs. Wilson
by Ruth Beshears

"Remember," Jill instructed Marybelle, "the places with the blue cards are on a Soft Diet and get the peaches. The places with the pink cards are on a Bland Diet and get pears." She shoved a cart laden with green plastic dishes through the swinging doors into the large wood-paneled nursing home dining room. "I'm going back into the walk-in refrigerator. The Regular Diets are supposed to have sliced tomatoes, but the day shift didn't make up enough of them. After you put out this tray, come on back and I'll help you with the desserts."

"I hope I can remember all of this. I'm so afraid I'll make a mistake." Marybelle looked at the unfamiliar rows of formica-covered tables. "When I worked in the kitchen, we were always under the cook's noses. When we dished out the meals to be taken to the bedridden patients, Mrs. Jenkins was always right there watching to see if we made a mistake."

"You'll get used to this. You know, they only send the most responsible girls out here in the dining room to work. I've been here for about six months, and really like it. You have more contact with the old people. Some of them are so sweet." Jill headed back into the kitchen.

And some of them aren't so sweet, Marybelle thought. She remembered an incident that had occured several months before; she had been glad to be working in the safe confines of the kitchen at the time. One of the old men, Mr. Frost, had become irate when one of the dining room helpers would not bring him a slice of chocolate cake; he was on a calorie restricted diet. He had shoved the poor girl so hard that she had fallen across a table.

Of course Marybelle knew that these incidents happened rarely, but still, she was a little apprehensive about her job change. She began to move her squeaky cart between the long tables, placing dishes of fruit in their appropriate places. Let's see...this table had three pinks and five blues: that meant five peaches and three pears. She was startled from her work by a tapping sound, sort of like a soft knock on a door. Marybelle looked up toward the entrance to the dining room.

A yellow cord was strung across the entrance to the dining room to prevent patients from entering the dining area before meal time. Standing beside the slightly frayed rope, hands clasped before her, was an old woman. Her eyes were wide and blue, and her hair stuck out from her head like a wind-blown clown. Her toungue protruded a little from the corner of her mouth.

"I'm sorry Mrs. Wilson. Dinner isn't for another fifteen minutes." Marybelle had heard the nurses address the woman in the halls before. She remembered that Mrs. Wilson could not speak; she had suffered a stroke. Marybelle continued putting the dishes on the tables. She heard the tapping noise again.

Marybelle looked up. Mrs. Wilson was standing there as before. As Marybelle watched, Mrs. Wilson took a tissue from the pocket of her faded blue sweater and wiped a small drop of saliva from the corner of her mouth.

"Do you want something, Mrs. Wilson?"

Mrs. Wilson nodded. Marybelle wiped a trace of sticky fruit juice from her fingers onto her large white apron and stuffed several loose strands of blond hair under her green paper hairnet. She took a few steps across the polished tile floor.

"Maybe you should get a nurse or an aide if you have a problem?" Marybelle did not know what to do. Mrs. Wilson's pale blue eyes continued to stare at her. She took a few more steps toward the door. Mrs. Wilson clapped her hands twice; Marybelle stopped. Mrs. Wilson pointed one crooked finger in Marybelle's direction.

"I'm sorry. I can't understand you." Mrs. Wilson clapped twice again and pointed. With relief, Marybelle realized that Mrs. Wilson was pointing to the cart instead of her.

"Do you want something on the cart?" Marybelle asked.

Mrs. Wilson nodded. Grey wisps of hair moved up and down when she moved her head.

"Do you want a pear?" Marybelle picked up a dish.

Mrs. Wilson nodded again.

"Where do you sit?"

Mrs. Wilson pointed to her place near the door.

Marybelle picked up the white card that lay beside the place setting. The white card indicated that Mrs. Wilson was on a Pureed Diet, but on the back of the card the Dieti-

cian had written a note in pencil saying that Mrs. Wilson was allowed any foods she felt she could eat. Marybelle put the pear down beside the card, and returned to do her job of putting out the other dishes. She was surprised when Mrs. Wilson knocked again.

"Isn't that what you wanted? Do you want a peach too?" This time Mrs. Wilson beckoned with her hand for Marybelle to come to her.

"I gave you the pear." Marybelle took a few uncertain steps toward the old woman. Mrs. Wilson held something tightly clasped in her blue-veined hand. "I don't know what you want. If you'll just wait a few more minutes, Jill will come back out. She's in the kitchen now."

The old woman beckoned again, this time with a look of urgency on her face. What if she's sick or something? I don't know what to do, Marybelle thought. There was such a wild look in the woman's blue eyes. They wouldn't let this lady run around loose if she were dangerous, would they?

As Marybelle neared the yellow cord, Mrs. Wilson held out her fist, offering something to Marybelle. Marybelle held out her small sticky hand, and Mrs. Wilson dropped something into it. She gave Marybelle two gentle pats on the arm, turned and walked away.

Marybelle looked down into her hand. She held a melting, foil-wrapped, chocolate-covered thin mint.

December Day

Hammocks, heron,
fishermen, and crane;
winged ones
I cannot name,
sawgrass and red holly:
Alligator Alley.

Smoldering egret feathers
float and smoke the sky.
Perhaps that's why the swamp
birds
huddle sad and cool.
December sun can't filter
through.

Hawks and cattle,
cypress swamps,
a maze of waterways.
What mysteries mulch
beneath that calm of grass,
where gators lurk
and panthers pass?

Cherise Wyneken

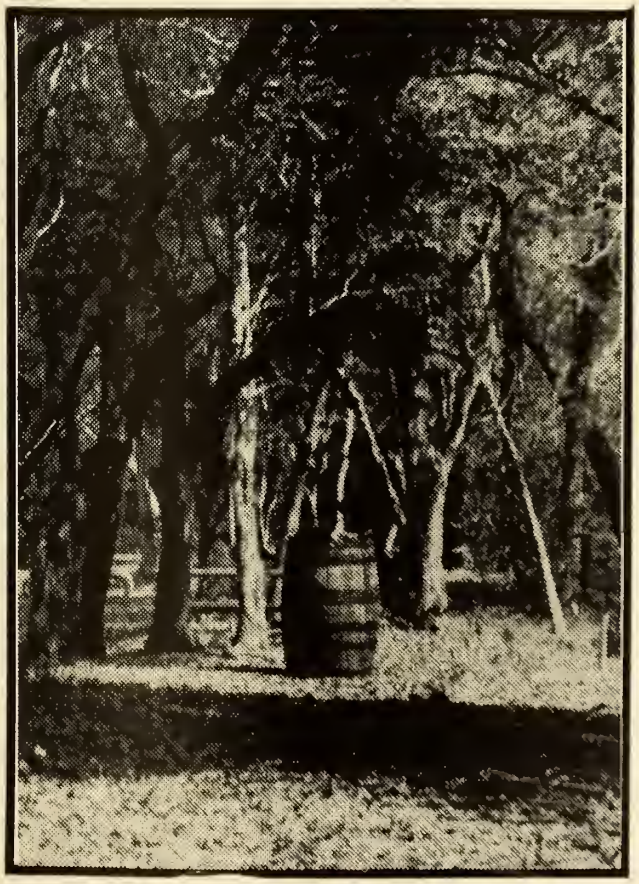


photo by Mike Orzack

"GETAWAY PLACES"
Broward Style

by Karen St. John-Vincent

South Florida is supposed to be the carefree land of sun and fun - right? But it seems that most restaurants, clubs, stores and tourist attractions are priced for the unsuspecting vacationer. And except for the dog-day months, these places are too crowded with blustering tourists eager to soak up all they can in their short vacations.

If you hide out weekends to save money and sanity, and if you're wondering where all the sun and fun is, here's a little list of "getaway places".

Out in Pompano, just west of the turnpike on Sample Road lies the newly expanded Tradewinds Park. This is a nice place to simply enjoy the great outdoors, especially during the week when there's no admission to get in. Even on the weekends, it's a real bargain at fifty cents per person. They have extensive picnic grounds, playgrounds for the kids, boat rentals and even horse-back riding. The horse back riding costs $9.00 per hour and is offered only on the weekends. The park is open seven days a week from 8:00 A.M. till 5:30 P.M. (979-8700).

A very new addition to the Pompano park system is Quiet Waters Park on Powerline Road. This park was designed with water sports in mind. Again, the admission is free during the week and fifty cents per person on the weekends. Stretched across 427 acrs are bicycle trails, a beach, water skiing facilities, camping areas, boats for rent, and even a wind surfing concession. Except for the beach and trails, individual fees are charged for the other activities offered. The park opens every day at 8:00 A.M. and closes at 4:30 P.M. For further information call 421-3133.

I've never been an avid fisher-woman but for a real taste of Florida beach life the Pier in Pompano is worth visiting. Stretching off the shore of Pompano Beach, the pier never closes so you can check it out on a whim and not be disappointed. Admission to get on the pier as a mere observer is seventy-nine cents, tax included, and $2.05, if you plan on doing some fishing. Naturally, there's a bait shop right there for your convenience. This was probably one of my favorite spots. There's something mesmerizing about the ocean. And the wind that whips across the wooden pier and sprays salt-water offers a kind of cleansing for one's soul. If your a local and haven't been treated to the pier, put it at the top of your get-away list. For further information call 943-1488.

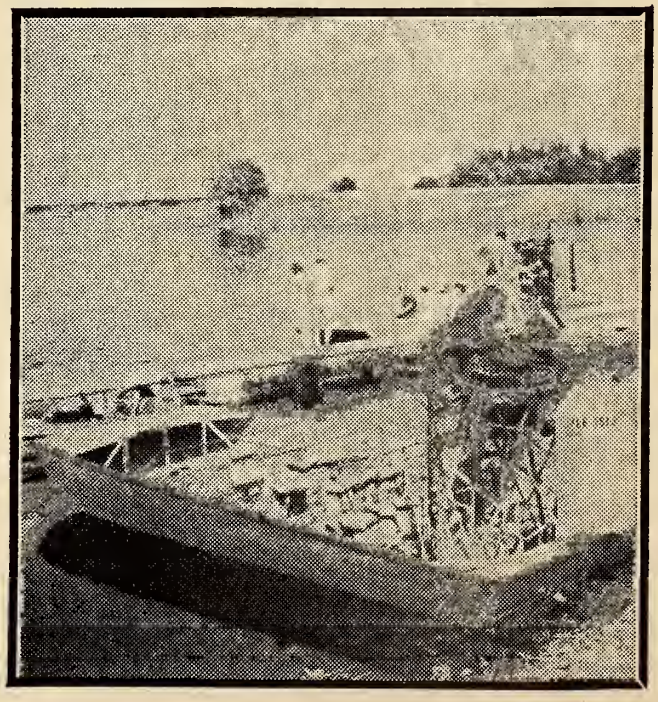
One thing I've missed intensely about not living up north anymore is the haunting woods that encompass every countryside. It took some searching but I found a place that reminded me of the woods I had left behind. Located on State Road 84 just west of I-95 lies the Secret Woods. Now here's a spot that definitely gets you away from the crowd. It is set so far back from the road, if you weren't looking for the sign you'd miss it for sure. They charge no admission and offer wonderful nature trails to explore and little wooden buildings housing nature exhibits. The woods are open from 8:00 A.M. till 5:00 P.M. seven days a week. To find your way there call 792- 8528.

I was three years old the first time anyone ever set me on a horse and I've been in love with those graceful creatures ever since. There is a place in Broward County that offers trail riding. Out on S.W. 128th Avenue in Davie lies the sprawling acres of the Bar-B Ranch. For a reasonable $10.00 an hour, you can take out a horse matched to your experience as a rider and go exploring well marked trails. The facillities also include a corral where you can lead your child around on a pony. The ranch is open every day from 9:00 A.M. till 5:00 P.M. and reservations are not necessary. For further information call 434-6175.

The last place on my starter's list is the Loxahatchee Recreational Area located way out on State Road 827 in Boca Raton. The travel time involved in getting there is more than worth it. (This is my favorite spot in Broward, and you can get a taste of the Everglades here) The facilities are simple, consisting mostly of swampy fields fingered by grassy paths for walking, a nature center that highlights the unusual wildlife, and of course the endless swamps of the glades. There is no admission fee. Air boat rides are offered every forty minutes between the hours of 9:00 A.M. and 4:30 P.M. You can rent a row boat or motor boat at a reasonable rate and do some exploring on your own. Alligators are plentiful and can be spotted hiding in the sawgrass. The park opens at 6:00 A.M. every morning and closes at 6:30 P.M. (For further information on this retreat call 426-2474.)

So get off the beaten path and enjoy yourself. After all, Florida is YOUR state too!

Karen St. John-Vincent



SAVE IT FOR GOOD

by Samantha Jane Heede

We crowded around the open box sent from Mom's childhood home in New Jersey.

"Precious little after all these years," Mom said, examining the creamy damask and fragile, lace-frosted linens inside.

"Now, Honey, a little respect for the dead," Dad teased.

"Dead? She's been dead to me for years," she answered. When she eloped with Dad, Mom was disowned by her wealthy parents. All she seemed to have brought with her to Florida was an expression she used over and over again. When Mom received fancy presents from people who did not know our circumstances, she would put them on the on the top shelf in her closet, saying just what her mother had always said, "We'll save that for good." We never saw these gifts again.

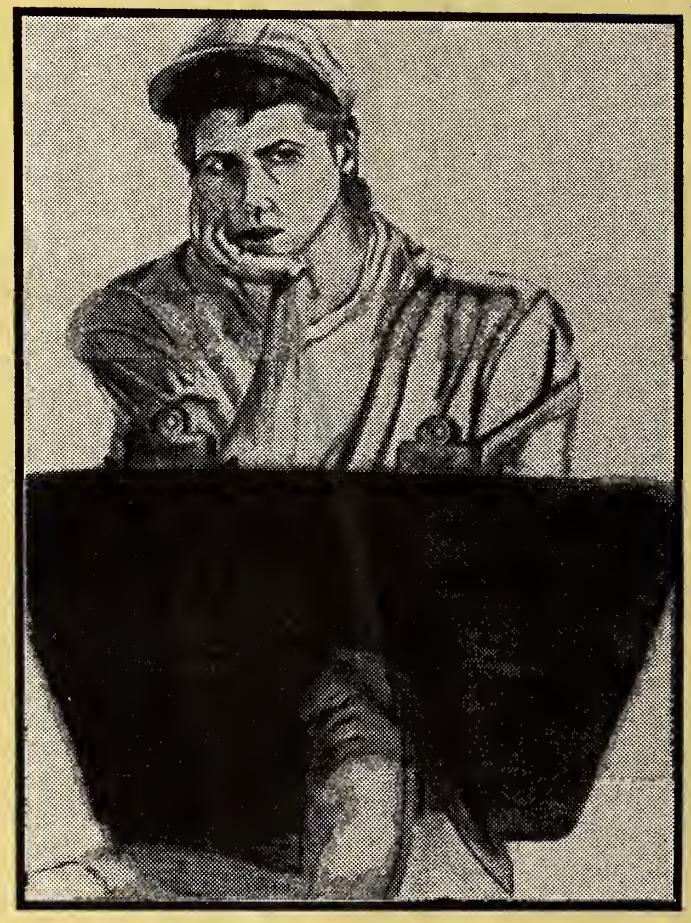
Now, here were some of the beautiful things our grandmother had 'saved for good.' As Mom spread open one of the damask tablecloths, it fell apart at the folds. "This is what comes from saving things for good," Mom said bitterly as a single tear ran down her cheek.

She rushed to her beddroom closet, pulling down boxes, and returned with a laced-edged tablecloth spalshed with red pointsettias and green leaves on a silvery-white background. She shook it open with a snap and spread it triumphantly on the scarred table.

The shabby room seemed transformed by the brightly-flowered tablecloth and Mom's luminous smile as she looked into Dad's brimming eyes.

We never heard "Save it for good" again.

Views '86



Drawing by Melissa Gones

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